Some Things Are Better Left A Mystery

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Some Things Are Better Left A Mystery

by Ghostwriter98

Summary

Will has got a new method for criminal profiling. Jack isn’t big on it and he’s even less big on Will’s explanation for plucking the names of perpetrators out of thin air.

Notes

I thought I was done with this series but Susurra suggested Will in the FBI with ghost Hannibal and Jack Crawford and I just couldn’t resist. It was too good an idea. So basically, this is how the Haunted universe would fit in with the events of the TV show if they were meshed together.

I think this is more of a "what if" thing than a set part of the series because I haven't really depicted Will with empathy in any of the previous fics.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will stared down at the seated victim. He was a trombone player named Douglas Wilson. His throat had been cut open and his vocal cords exposed and played like a violin.

“Take as long as you need, Will. Katz, Zeller and Price have cleared the area so-"

“It was a musician. Cello player or teacher of Cello players rather. He wanted to get a good sound out of him.” Will paused, head tilted as though he was listening intently to someone. “Oh, the killer owns a string shop and his name is Tobias Budge." Will mulled it over. "Hmm, his name sounds kind of familiar. I think we went to the same high school. Talk about a small world, huh.”

Jack blinked, startled by the speed of Will’s deductions. “What? We just got here. How can you already know who the killer is? You haven’t even.” Jack gestured to himself, closing his eyes and making an exaggerated intense facial expression complete with pinched brows as he mimed Will's usual routine of looking.

Will scowled. “I don’t do that.”

“You do,” Jack insisted, before bitterly mumbling. “At least you *used* to. Now you just announce the killer before you've even properly looked at the scene.”

Will choked down a laugh. “I’m sorry. Does this way bother you more?”

“Damn right it does," Jack barked. "It’s like you’re taking a stab in the dark.”

“I must be a good stabber then considering I was right the last eight times you’ve brought me in.’”

“I know, it’s just-”

“This way is better for me. *Healthier*," Will emphasized. "And it works so what are you complaining about?”

“I just want to know how you do it,” Jack insisted.

“You were fine before when I said I slipped into the minds of killers and came up with answers you didn’t understand with little to no evidence. What’s different now?”

Jack didn’t answer.

Will sighed and scrubbed his hands over his face. “Look, do you want me to do the whole song and dance? I’ll close my eyes and talk the murder through in the first person and everything. Is that what you want to hear?”

“What I want is an explanation!” Jack’s voice boomed and echoed in the empty auditorium.

“You’re not going to like it,” Will warned.

Jack crossed his arms and defiantly raised his chin. “Try me.”

“Do you remember when you first showed up at my lecture theatre?”

“Yes.”

“You were hesitant. Why?”

"You mean apart from remembering how weird you were as a kid?" Jack tried to lighten the mood with a joke.

Will wasn't having it. "People change."

"That's what I thought too." Jack shifted uncomfortably. “Then I heard the rumours.”

“Oh?” Will feigned his surprise. “What were they about?”

“Some of your students thought you were a little,” Jack winced, searching for the least offensive word, “loopy.”

“Because?”

“They heard you talking to yourself between classes,” Jack hurriedly defended himself at Will’s eye roll, "which some people do every now and then but you were doing it for hours on end and having full on conversations.” Jack’s eyes lingered on the ring on Will's finger. “Then there’s the fact that you wear a wedding ring even though you’ve never actually been married.”

Will’s back straightened at this, his jaw tightening with anger. “I am married.”

“Right, to a person no one has ever seen but you.” Jack glanced away, acting as though this conversation was the last thing he wanted to have. It was as if he wanted to ignore all the supposedly bad aspects of Will so long as he got the job done. “I searched for him once, just for the hell of it. He didn’t come up anywhere. No vehicle registration. No property in his name. No bank account. No nothing. He only appeared on the damn marriage certificate which I’m pretty sure isn’t even -.”

Will silenced Jack with a hard glare. “I suggest you choose your next words very carefully, Jack.”

Jack awkwardly cleared his throat. “So yeah, I was a little worried but then I actually met you and you were fine. Students always bad mouth one superior or another.” He nudged Will as though it were some kind of conspiracy, as if they themselves hadn’t done it when they were younger. “What does all that have to do with this conversation though?”

“It has everything to do with this conversation.” Will opened his palm and held it a little ways away from his body. He then curled his fingers as though he were holding hands with some invisible person. “I’ve been asking my husband for a bit of help on the cases. It was his idea, naturally. All the good ones usually are."

“Hold on!” Jack’s eyes bulged and his face began to redden. “You what? You dared to-” He instantly calmed down when his rational brain caught up with him. “You’re lucky he’s make believe or that would have been a serious violation of policy.”

Will tried to keep calm, knowing the way people were. How they find it difficult to believe in things they couldn’t see.

“He’s not fake, Jack.”

“Look, I get it. You’re a handsome man. You’re tired of students throwing themselves at you and strangers trying to pick you up. You wear a ring to ward them off. I get it.”

“Hannibal’s a ghost which is why you're finding this so hard to believe,” Will blurted out, figuring it would be better to just rip off the band-aid than dance around the matter. “I asked him if the victim's ghost was still around and if he was, could he ask him who dun it. Murdered people often have unfinished business, you know. Hannibal wandered off and did his thing and now we've got the name.”

Jack’s eyes widened. “Christ, you really are delusional. You should see a psychiatrist. Have you heard of Bedelia Du Maurier? She’s excellent. She's really helped me lately with my," Jack swallowed, "family issues.”

Will's fists clenched at his sides because he honestly didn't give a shit about Jack's family issues. At least people believed Jack had a family and respected his marriage.

Will took a deep breath before continuing with his explanation. “I could have tried finding the victim myself because I have the sight but Hannibal said ghosts much prefer talking to other ghosts. They can get a little irritated being around alive people. Seeing us enjoying all the pleasures they can’t, almost rubbing it in their faces.” Will’s lips quirked, thinking of the few pleasures ghosts could experience and how grateful he was for that.

Jack held up a hand to stop Will. “You know what? I’ll give Bedelia a call right now.” He reached into his pocket for his phone then paused and tucked it away. “Well, I mean after you take another look at the crime scene.” A pointed look. “This time properly, of course.”

Will groaned in frustration. “Ugh, Hannibal knew you’d be a non believer! He’s really good at picking them out.”

“Can we please be serious for a moment, Will? Let’s not talk about this imaginary person and focus on the real crime with the real victim and the real mourning family.”

“He’s not-” Will threw his hands up in the air. “You know what? Fuck it! Show him, Hannibal. I’m done playing the good guy.”

Jack’s mouth dropped open, no doubt to make another sharp remark about Will's fragile mental state. He was rendered speechless, however, when his phone was wrenched out of his pocket and thrown at a nearby wall with enough strength to crack the screen.

“Huh,” Will pondered aloud. “Not quite as skeptical as we thought.”

Will caught sight of Jack's bewildered look and explained. "It's easier for Hannibal to manipulate objects around people who believe."

"I don't." Jack coughed so his voice would lower from its previously hysterical state. "I don't believe in that stuff."

"That stuff?"

"Ghosts, vampires, werewolves." Jack waved it off. "That supernatural stuff."

Will frowned. "The fact that you lumped all those together really offends me."

The two men both startled when Jack's phone began dialing. A beep sounded.

"Psychiatrist Bedelia Du Maurier speaking. How may I help you?"

Jack's mouth gaped.

"So," Will drawled, completely unfazed as he addressed Jack, "we done here?"

"Done?" Bedelia questioned. "Who is this? Why have you called my business number?"

Jack's lips thinned as he spoke somewhat hoarsely. "Dumb luck."

Will tsked. "Really, Jack. You don't want to make Hannibal angry. He can get rather," "Will bit his lip to smother a fond smile, "*violent* when he's angry."

"Is violent tendencies why you called? I have treated a number of violent individuals in the past and would gladly offer my services which involve several calming exercises. I have free appointment times at-" The phone clicked off.

"Are we done here?" Will repeated.

"No."

Will sighed heavily and angled his head in the direction of the mangled phone. "Please don't mess up the crime scene too much, Hannibal."

Jack's eyebrows rose with incredulity as a low hum sounded from the victim. The vocal chords began moving by themselves, playing a series of random notes. Jack took a step backwards only to be wrenched forward. His hand moved of its own accord and no amount of tugging or fighting could change his limb's trajectory which was the cold vibrating chest of the victim.

"Now, look," Will tutted. "You've gone and made him mad."

Jack blinked with eyes full of horror. What felt like an eternity passed before he was finally able to stumble away from the corpse.

“I didn’t. It’s not. Can’t be...” Jack clenched his eyes shut and turned his back on Will and the crime scene. He breathed in and out for several moments before coming to a decision.

“I don’t care how you find killers, Will. I’m sorry for asking about it and offending you,” Jack said, very purposely phrasing his sentence to avoid certain undesirable events. Will nodded and Jack gave Will’s shoulder a friendly squeeze in thanks for accepting his weak apology. The man quickly withdrew his hand, however, when a loud thud sounded slightly off stage.

“We should probably start checking up on the leads. Lead,” Jack corrected, wrapping his coat tightly around himself and hurrying off.

“I was right, wasn’t I?” Will shouted after him, voice unbearably smug.

It was only when Jack burst out of the doors of the auditorium that he allowed himself to answer the question. “You were. I’d rather not have known.”

Jack shifted uneasily at the sound of a deeply accented male laugh. When he looked around though, there was no one in sight.

End Notes

The end :).

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